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The fact that the children have been used in the
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THE EBONY BEDROOM.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE BALL.

It was 8 o'clock of a dreary winter's day. M. Lecocq, on special duty at the Grand Opera ball, was on his way past the Grand Hotel when he met a policeman who informed him that there was something up in the Rue Camartin. However much he merited repose, M. Lecocq quickened his steps. But he had been anticipated by the Ward Commissaire of Police. A crowd was at the carriage gateway of No. 35, counterbalancing the cold with the heat of discussion. The detective lingered a moment to scrutinize the little mob, but it was composed entirely of neighbors, shop clerks, and innocent chance passengers. So he went into the princely mansion, which he knew to belong to the Count of Montfort Ste. Croix.

The first room on the first floor had been barricaded by a heavy piece of furniture which it had taken two powerful men to move back. The castor had been removed to prevent it being rolled away. Not a thing in the dining-room had been disordered. The doors were open of a reception-room, where a ball dress was spread out on three chairs. In the sleeping apartment were the policeman, servants and Police Commissary. The latter glanced around and recognized Lecocq with some relief in his eyes, but the new-comer did not return the salutation. He could not. Accustomed though he was to scenes of bloodshed and crime, the present scene shocked him into silence and immobility.

The room was very large and lofty, hung with maroon and paneled in ebony and gold. In the very center was stretched the lifeless remains of a beautiful young lady—the Countess—only partly covered by a tablecloth, which she had clutched and dragged over her in her fall. The corner of the lips was still curled in a smile, as if to mock at the idea of the fate which had abruptly overtaken youth and beauty. The superb and somber decoration, in the very latest taste of that day, was most appropriate to the picture. The boudoir was in the other extreme luxurious. Its door was open and everything was topsy-turvy there. The graceful body had stiffened in a disabille which had cost the Brussels nurse some years of spider-like toil. Her long, arched tresses formed a golden pillow under her head and half veiled a small sword wound on the bosom—the egress of the blade, too, she had been run through from behind. The carpet was crimson and hardly betrayed the blood, but a white fox rug was horribly dabbled. A wax candle stood on the floor, nearly burnt out with having solitarily watched over the victim. A very long, thin rapier, with a concealed bowl, whose place was vacant in a trophy of arms on the wall, lay on the rug. It was the Count's ancestral sword. The bed bore no trace of a struggle there. Suddenly a little rose froth effervesced on the lady's lips, which parted, and the eyes, if possible, stared a trifle wider. The cold air brought in by Lecocq had mechanically affected the corpse. But the servants started in terror.

"I have had no time to do anything," said the Commissary after the detective explained how he came there. "I have sent for a magistrate. Nobody is under arrest."

It was an appeal for him to begin the inquiry. The affair had stupefied the official.

The first thing manifest was that the murderer or murderers had not left the house in an ordinary course. The porter had let no one out since his mistress came home from the ball. The next to arrive were the coachman and the lady's maid, who had been to the opera ball also, but not together, and had not known one another to be there. On their going up stairs, they had heard footsteps in their mistress's room. The porter had helped the coachman to remove the block, and then all three had discovered the dead woman, but not a glimpse of her assassin.

At Lecocq's suggestion, they were put under arrest and guarded, separated.

"In fifteen years," said Lecocq, growing more and more serious as he found jewels and cash untouched, "I have met no crime so obscure."

They examined the servants individually. But their statements tallied. The Countess was haughty, but not to her domestics. She could hardly have made an enemy in the house. She had given leave for the coachman (as her cavalier came for her in his carriage) and maid to spend the night out. The Count had mining property in the Alps, and was at Geneva engaging an engineer.

"No should be telegraphed to at once," advised Lecocq. "Betsy, as they call you, he proceeded to the tiring-room. 'Did you see your mistress at the ball?'"

"She did not go to the opera ball, sir," was the answer, "to my knowledge. But to the masquerade at the Spanish banker's, Hernandez."

"Who was the gentleman who called for her?"

"She did not know. But the porter knew. The Marquis des Medracs's carriage had come and had brought her back. She had gone up the staircase alone—quite alone beyond a doubt."

"The Marquis has the next house," observed the Commissary. "Can we ask him to assist the inquiry?" Lecocq considered.

"The magistrate's order would do it. But let us risk it. Let Gerold request his presence."

Meanwhile they resumed the search for articles from the apartments other than that visible.

The Marquis de Medracs was prompt in responding to the summons. He was in evening dress. He was good looking, and had been a fop among the Caderousse Grammont set a few years back. He was pale. He had heard the news from his servants, no doubt, or the crowd at the door would have enlightened him. He knelt down by the dead body, and dwelt awhile in silence. But there was nothing unnatural in his not expatiating upon the dreadfully sudden death of his recent partner in the waltz. Every feature had been attentively regarded by Lecocq and the police official.

"We understand you accompanied Lady Montfort to a ball," began the latter.

"It was to M. Hernandez's. My poor friend, whose husband wished her not to be cooped up in his absence, requested my arm and carriage, and, having spent the early part of the night, I

brought her to her door. I went to my club, but I was too tired to play, lost a few napoleons, and came home."

"Did you see the lady to this door?" inquired the detective.

"This? No, no! She would not even let me leave the carriage. I may say—whatever value the information possesses, that the windows were lighted up when I came home a second time."

"Can you form any opinion about this crime?"

"Really I know so little of the Montfort family."

"Excuse me, my Lord," said Lecocq, with pretended bluntness, "but we know your Lordship to be quite in the world of fashion. Who has been accused of being this poor lady's cousin?"

"The Count of Montfort," answered he, testily, turning red after paling, "is a splendid fellow. She idolized him. Why, this will break his heart when he learns it. But who will impart the news?"

"That's been done," answered the official.

An hour after, the body having been placed on the bed, a magnificent mass of rare flowers came from the Marquis, which Betsy, released as guiltless, arranged with taste.

By the midnight train and a cab driven at tearing speed the Count arrived. His wife, surrounded by the blossoms, and upon black velvet, in that gloomy room seemed only sleeping. Betsy had plaited her long flaxen tresses. Count de Montfort strode up to the bed, having kept his countenance up to that moment, but then, nature having been overstrained, he fell on his knees, embracing the clay-cold idol, and sobbed her name. The servants repeated through the mansion, in a tone which testified to the rarity of the event, "My Lord had tears in his eyes."

In the morning Mr. Lecocq called to say that he had been specially trusted with the case.

"I am sorry to tell your Lordship, though," he remarked, "that the case is inexplicable so far. But we are bound to pierce the mystery."

The nobleman looked at him sadly, and answered:

"It is useless for you to look after the murderer of my loved one. He is no common criminal. I have no other aim in life now. And when I meet him, believe me, I shall not call in the law to execute him."

This speech seemed out of place on the lips of a Breton gentleman, a race noted for religious and law-abiding traits.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE THE BULLETS.

Like all rich capitalists, Marquis Hector de Medracs found himself ruined by the Franco-Prussian war. He hastened to Paris the moment the gates were opened from his Italian retreat, and found his house property, nearly all centrally located, in good preservation. Absorbed in his preparations, he was in Paris on the 18th of March, 1871. Perhaps he was the only nobleman who was not in London or the South, preferring to see their country desolated without them rather than pass under democratic rule or into the army, forgetting all but France.

The town was not pacified, and the thunder rumbled on the heights of Belleville and Montmartre. The spring came delightful after the vigorous winter, and the Parisian little recked that the lilacs given his lady love came from ground rocking under the batteries of Clamart, manned by Frenchmen firing on their own capital.

The Marquis had hidden in his hotel of the Rue Camartin. The gates were solid; his servants well-paid. He heard the firing on the Rue Monseigneur with joy, as it betokened an advance of the Government troops against the insurrectionists. It was at this juncture that a young woman in the red zouave dress of a vivandiere of Flourens' Avengers presented herself at the gates—her name, Assie Koragou. A Breton girl, from his own estates, passed her into his presence.

"My Lord," said she, "I heard at the Council of the Commune in the Emancipatory Chapel that you are known to be here, and a detachment is on the way to take you out. They are enraged that you should have lived here as a spy, they say, so long."

His laugh of contempt was cut short by one of those knights at the guard-door which seldom come to noblemen's portals—either from a King's lackeys or the people's. It was a dozen musket bullets. Some one fired a shot from within. "That's a fool," said the Marquis, "against my order." Those men of mine will get massacred."

"And me, too," said the girl.

"Don't you tremble, my lass; the old fox has more than one gap to his burrow."

The listener smiled secretly with unaccountable joy.

"In the cellar?"

"The cellar? Nonsense! The day has gone by for trap doors of old-style construction."

Meanwhile the doors had been broken down. A dozen shots were fired. A shoal of men invaded the mansion, yelling:

"The Marquis! Your plaguey Lord! The people were fired upon! A rope! And the Marquis!"

The girl clung to the gentleman in trepidation.

"Make haste! This way," he said.

There was a suit of armor on a panel. He pressed one of the hundred ornaments on the frames and the whole panel turned round so as to disclose a hole in the wall with four steps. On the upper level was shown the interior of a room beyond. The Marquis pushed the young Breton before him, and closed the panels.

That inner room was the Countess's boudoir, of Montfort House. As soon as they entered there the guide closed the second panel.

"What a fine invention," said the girl.

"What was it ever made for?"

"Both houses belong to me," he said, gloomily, without directly replying to her.

They could hear indistinctly the uproar of the Federals seeking the fugitives.

"Hiss away, vipers," said he scornfully. "You have lost your prey."

But suddenly a powerful voice thundered on the other side of them in the ebony bedroom.

"Shut that door; we've enough here already."

"My father," exclaimed the girl, joyfully.

"Koragou," added the Marquis, with equal glee. "So the Versailles troops have arrived already."

A gray but hale peasant, in rustic attire, but with a scarlet band on his left arm and in a military cap, appeared on the boudoir threshold, Remington rifle in hand.

"You see, father, I have kept my word," cried the girl, ranging herself by the new-comers and drawing a revolver.

"Betrayed!" exclaimed Madranc.

"What, a Breton, who believes in the saints, on the side of these atheists and disrespecters of property and family!"

"My Lord," rejoined the old peasant, by force of habit, "you are a Breton, but you forgot the saints when you displaced my son from his humble curacy; and where was your respect for property when you stole away the affections of Lady Montfort?"

"And where was yours for family when you murdered the poor lady here—here! in the night?" cried Assie Koragou, furiously. "Brothers! this is the murderer of the Countess of Montfort. He came in by this secret way and slew her because she rejected him. I say slay him, or I myself will do it!"

Hector reflected on the singular hazard that had brought him to the scene of his crime. But he took his course manfully. He went and planted himself where he remembered the lady to have fallen, and said:

"Jackals may hedge in a lion. Take the like of you for my peers, to judge me? Nonsense! Wreak your will on my body; the rest flies above your level!"

"Fire!" cried Koragou. "Fire on a later of the people!"

A dozen bullets shattered his breast. But the volley was drowned by the tumult in the street. The regulars had taken the chapel and were clearing the streets as the Communists fell back.

Half an hour afterward Count Montfort, Colonel of the Second Battalion, Coteville Nord Mabilles, entered his house, where he understood there had been fighting; but he marked little damage. In the ebony chamber, on the site of which his orderly halted, a huddled-up figure was blotting the floor.

"A man shot!" cried the soldier, unconcernedly.

Gonthan stooped over the body; a paper was pinned as only a woman pins papers, to his battered breast:

The Marquis de Medracs—shot for firing on the people, and for murder of the Countess of Montfort.

Witness: ASSIE KORAGOU.

"Assie! My wife's foster sister. Medracs here, the murderer of my poor wife. This is the hand of retribution!"

The panel had flown open at the explosion of the guns. The secret of the ebony chamber was laid bare.

Col. Dahlgren's Death.

It was now beginning to get dark, and we wanted some rest and something to eat, and crossing a creek we halted in an old field, where Col. Dahlgren took a short nap. We were soon moving again, and had not marched above half a mile, when the advance was stopped by an obstruction in the road. Lieut. Merritt rode back and met the Colonel and asked for more men. The Colonel, Maj. Cook, myself and ten or twenty men rode rapidly to the front, and upon arriving at the trees that were across the road we were met by an order to surrender, both parties demanding a surrender at the same time. Col. Dahlgren then leveled his revolver at the person who seemed to be the officer in command of the Confederates, but his pistol missed fire. In an instant a volley was poured into our left flank the whole length of our line, and so close that the flashes almost reached our horses. This caused a stampede, as every horse in our command turned and broke down the road. After going a few yards we checked up and crossed a fence on our right, and formed on the top of a ridge a few rods from the road. We now began to look who was missing, and found the Colonel was not on hand. This a number of us were aware of before, having seen him fall off his horse by the light of the flash of the guns. Maj. Cooke was not on horseback, for when we reached the ridge his horse fell at the same time that killed the Colonel. In fact, there was only one volley; not a shot fired afterward nor a man to be seen. We were allowed to form in the field in peace, and had we a guide we might still have reached Gloucester Point, on Gen. Butler's lines; but we were now entirely without any knowledge of the surroundings; the men almost dead for sleep and out of ammunition; the horses about played out and every one more or less demoralized. And was it strange? We had been in the saddle for seventy-six hours without a halt long enough to get any sleep. A council was now held to determine what should be done, for we did not intend to give up. It was finally agreed upon to fasten the horses in a hollow square by fastening the sabers into the ground, and then every one try to make his escape. The commissioned officers—Maj. Cooke, Lieut. Merritt and myself—together with four scouts and guides, were to go in a party. We intended to cross the country, going north, and strike the Rappahannock river below Fredericksburg and get one of our picket boats.

We left the men and horses and crept like cats to the woods (the same we had ambushed from) and through the bushes about a mile, when it began to break day, March 3. We hid in a pine thicket all day, and at dark set out. I had with me a compass and a good topographical map of that part of Virginia, which enabled us to select our route. We traveled this night about two miles, when we were getting weak for lack of something to eat, and, coming to a log cabin near the woods, we made a reconnaissance of the premises, and found the occupants to be a white man and woman. We went in and asked for something to eat, and while we were sitting in the house waiting for it to be got ready, the door was opened, and we were politely told to surrender, which Maj. Cooke, being the ranking officer, very politely did. And thus ended one of the most extraordinary expeditions of the war, when we consider the number of men and the distance traveled, the number captured and the amount of damage done to the enemy, and the fact that they were closer to the city of Richmond than any other Union troops had been or were until the city fell into our hands in 1865. We were taken the next day, March 4, to Stevensville, and from there started to Libby in charge of Capt. Magruder's company of cavalry. These troops were gentlemen, and treated us as well as circumstances would permit.—Philadelphia Times.

WHY DO I SING?

BY MRS. JOY A. BEDFORD.

Why do I sing? 'Tis hard to tell
Why joyous notes my bosom swell;
Why strains of music, wild and free,
Gush forth in tuneful harmony,
Which, underneath a thin disguise,
A sorrowing heart so often lies.

I sing—the stern voice of song
Beats rhythmical soul along
The strains of time to that blest shore
Where mortal cares are felt no more;
And heaven itself were not complete
Without the sound of music sweet.

Why do I smile? Why, mirrored here,
On brow so meek to pain and care,
Are gentle smiles that softly chase
Each other over a care-worn face?
The heart's deceit with grief the while—
And yet—mid unshed tears I smile.

I smile, because to nature true?
Like gleams of sunshine breaking through
The rifted clouds, when storms are past;
Though soft white clouds still overcast
The azure sky, to cheer the scene
Bright rays of sunlight burst between.

Why do I weep? Alas! these tears
Cannot efface the stains of years;
The grief alone can save, I know,
And yet, 'tis well to let them flow;
They soothe the griefs of life's dark hours,
As sunlight smiles through April showers.

And then 'tis written, "Jehovah wept,"
Above the grave of one that slept;
And I, who loved one that was dead,
With softened tread the avenue tread,
That when thus pressed with grief and care,
He found a sweet relief in tears.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The fire burns cheerily in my room to-night; the light gilds the furnishing, the pictures and ornaments; all openly suggestive of coziness and comfort. I lean back in my arm chair, survey the surroundings, and try to think that I am contented. But it is in vain. I can only realize its emptiness—to me it is only the taunting ghost of what might have been. How vividly the past comes up before me to-night. It is useless for me to attempt to drive away these thoughts, for they are bitter memories of my past life, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at my bidding. I try to crush out all thoughts of the past, as at other times, but they come with such weight that they are stronger than my will.

Two years is not a long period of time, if measured as days, weeks and months, but, if measured by the agony the human heart can endure, it is an eternity.

Some say that hearts cannot break, others, that women do sometimes; but men are so constituted that they can bear disaster to the affection without material injury to that delicate organ. I don't pretend to say how this may be, but I do know this world will never again look as bright and beautiful to me as it did before I closed my eyes on hope.

I try to cover my sorrow with a mask of harshness toward womankind, and well I succeed; for among my acquaintances I am known as a bitter, cynical man, who sneers at women and love; and not one among them would accuse me of ever having a sentimental thought. But there are times when the old fires burst forth uncontrollably—yes, times in my life when anniversaries come—when temporarily there is an end to peace, and I must live over again the bitter past; and to-night is one of those times, and unwillingly I drift back into the "long ago." It is evening. The brilliant orb of day is slowly and majestically sinking toward the western horizon. The soft breeze is heavily laden with the fragrance of the early spring flowers, and it stirs gently the tender leaves of the few forest trees that have dared to assume their vestments of green. A broad, deep stream, spanned by a rustic bridge, and directly across this, and as far away as the view is unobstructed, winds a sandy, neglected road, bordered on one side by a dense undergrowth of scrub oaks, with here and there a tall pine, which stand like grim sentinels on guard; and, on the other, by a broad field, which shows by the freshly turned soil that the plowshare of the husbandman has been busy there. Half a mile away, can be seen, standing out in bold relief against the clear evening sky, the tall, white spires of the village churches; and, as the bright rays of the declining sun are reflected from the bronzed balls by which they are surmounted, they glitter in the distance like burnished gold.

Upon the bridge stand two figures. A youth of perhaps 22 years of age, and a girl several years his junior. She, tall, dark and queenly, with deep, fathomless eyes—such eyes as poets write of—eyes, one glance from which can elevate a man to the supreme pinnacle of happiness or doom him to such excruciating torture that the pangs suffered by lost souls in the lowest pits of hell can scarcely compare with it; broad, high forehead, over which, as is the prevailing style, is tastefully arranged the glossy locks of jet-black hair. Her face is one that brings to memory the description given by ancient writers of the goddess of beauty, but a closer reader of human character would pronounce her possessed of a heart that would break before it would yield, and a will that is strong as death.

Silence holds supreme sway. The only sound that breaks in upon the calm, peaceful stillness is the low, musical murmur of the stream as it flows beneath the bridge and the vesper hymn of some feathered songster as it wings its way to the deeper shades of the forest.

The girl is seated upon the low railing of the bridge. In one hand she holds a small parasol, while the other, from which she has removed the dainty glove, toys idly with a small bunch of wild flowers which lie upon her lap. Her eyes are fixed upon the distant hills, and there is a far-away look upon her face which tells that her thoughts are not of her immediate surroundings.

Her companion is leaning against the railing at her side and gazing westward at the setting sun which now hangs like a fiery ball just above the summit of the distant hills. But ever and anon he turns his face toward the beautiful being at his side, and his eyes light up with what is unmistakably a look of love.

He is the first to break the silence, and his voice is low, as if fearful that its sound would grate harshly upon the quiet surrounding.

"Myrtle, listen to me, please."

She glanced up, but gave no other indication that she had heard his request.

"Myrtle, I must tell you now what has been on my mind for weeks. It distresses me, beyond the power of language to describe, to realize that we are no longer children, and to feel that the impression made upon me by your charms

years ago seems now to be increasing to a deeper sense of your loveliness and grace. Pardon me if my confession saddens you, but I love you, Myrtle, with the purest and holiest sentiments of my heart, and I feel that without you my life will be a hopeless future of sadness and gloom. Had I never seen you as I now behold you, time might possibly have erased from my memory the tender associations of the past with which you are connected, but now I feel that the impression of your loveliness can never fade from my mind."

He ceases speaking, and stands awaiting her reply. Her eyes have been fixed upon the rippling water, but, as he finishes, she raises them to his face. Not a shade of color mantles her dark, olive cheek. She looks at him almost haughtily, and not a tremor is discernible upon her face.

"Myrtle, darling, do you understand me? I love you more than life; for, without you, life would be worth nothing to me. Myrtle, will you be my wife?"

And still she is silent. A minute passes, but it seems an age to him, and then she extends one little hand toward him. With a glad cry he clasps it in his own and carries it to his lips. And this is all. He would give worlds for the privilege of taking her in his arms and pressing one passionate kiss upon these bright, ruby lips; but he knows only too well the nature of this girl who has just pledged her faith to him. They turned and walked silently away in the gathering twilight, down the road that leads to the village. The plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will are heard away off in the forest. Slowly and silently night lowers her curtain of darkness o'er the earth and pips it down with a million of glittering stars.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who live and love.

Spring has faded into summer, and the last days of summer are slipping away. The scene now is a social gathering in the village. The soft, mellow lamp-light falls upon many a fair face there that needs but the opportunity and it would rival the boasted charms of many an acknowledged belle of the city ball-rooms. Again do I see the maiden I saw upon the bridge in the early springtime. But the youth is not with her now. By her side stands a dark, coarse man, with low forehead, deep-sunken eyes, and full, sensuous lips, which tell that he has more of the brute in his nature than is usually allotted to man. And yet this girl is smiling up at him as she never smiled upon the fair-haired youth who pleaded so passionately for her love but a few months before. Where is he now? Ah, I have just discovered him. He stands beyond this couple, further back in the shadow, and they are not aware of his close proximity, for he is the subject of their conversation. Why is his face so pale? Why, indeed! He has just discovered that the only woman he ever loved, or ever can love, is false to him—that she has toyed with his heart's deepest affection willfully; and, worse than all else, he has learned that she loves the dark, evil man at her side.

Mechanically he tears the glove he has just drawn from his hand into small pieces, and drops them one by one upon the floor. There is a bitter, sarcastic smile upon his face as he watches the couple, who fancy themselves unobserved amid the throng. Unnoticed by them he leaves his place in the shadow and passes out into the night.

All alone, with none to mark the conflict save the All-seeing one, does he struggle with that heart-consuming love. And, as the gray dawn comes slowly creeping in at his window, he has conquered. But at what a cost! In this battle what has he lost? Confidence in mankind, hopes of heaven and faith in God. And he has gained nothing.

The scene has closed. The past joins to the present. The pictured faces smile down upon me from the wall. I arouse myself from the dream, and am again the harsh, cold man of the world.

I take up the burden of life again,
Sighing sadly, "It might have been."

Why Uncle Phil Broke the Sabbath.

There are a great many people, in their religion, that remind me of "Uncle Phil," a pious old dandy of the old times in Texas.

Well, Phil was a fervent Christian, with a great gift of prayer. He attended all the Saturday night prayer-meetings on the neighboring plantations, and could pray louder and longer than any of the brethren. But Phil had one weakness, he dearly loved money, and, different from the negro generally, loved to hoard it.

Near by us lived a man who, not troubled by any scruples, would pay Phil a dollar to work in his fields on Sunday. One Sunday night Phil came home after dark. I accosted him with:

"Where have you been, Phil?"

"Oh, just knocking about, massa."

"You have been working for Miller."

"Well, you see, massa, the old fellow is in weeds, and he jest showed me a silver dollar and I jest couldn't stand it."

"Ain't you afraid the devil will get you for breaking the Sabbath?"

Phil scratched his head a minute and said:

"I guess the Lord'll excuse me, massa."

"No. He says, 'remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.'"

Phil went off looking pretty sober, and it was not long before I heard his voice in fervent prayer back of the barn, so I thought I would slip down near enough to hear.

"Oh, Lord! I heard him say, 'I have this day ripped and teased, cursed and sweated at them confounded oxen of Miller's, and jest broke the Sabbath day. Oh, Lord, please forgive me; please forgive me, for you know I've nothing but a miserable heathen anyhow. If you'll jest forgive me this time I'll never do it again as long as I live, 'cepten he gives me \$2.50 a day.'"

At this point I was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, but I am thinking that poor Phil isn't the only \$2.50 Christian in this world.

"Well, Harry, how did you like the preserved cherries?" Harry (on his 5th birthday had preserved crystallized fruits for the first time): "Oh, auntie! I liked them so much that if I could have made a hole in my throat I'd have taken them out and eaten them over again."

Robbed of Her Sunshine.

From St. Louis there comes a strange story; so strange that at first it appeared like an invention of some ingenious manufacturer of fables. Investigation shows it to be founded on fact. For nearly twenty years a wealthy man has been starving his daughter of the sunshine, keeping her all the while locked up in a suit of richly-furnished rooms. The infatuated man is the victim of a queer delusion. In earlier life he had lost all his children. One by one each of them fell a prey to some disease, and the father became discouraged. There is no state of physical ailment nor any condition of mental or moral worry that for which some quack or other is not found to prescribe. When all this man's children had gone, and a new little daughter was born unto him, one of these quacks dropped in. This particular quack was probably a mixture of Indian herb doctor and gypsy fortune-teller. With solemn guise of profundity of wisdom he delivered his opinion, which was that the newborn child should be kept for twenty-one years out of the direct rays of the sun—locked in as a prisoner. If this prescription were observed, she would live. If it were disregarded, death would be the result. Surrounded by all that wealth can give her, except freedom and sunshine, this poor creature has now reached the age of 20. She is pallid and flabby and thin and languid. She looks more like half-animated wax-works than like a living girl. She has books and pictures and embroideries and laces and fine apparel. She takes exercise after a fashion, but it is the fashion of the convict in the penitentiary. She has been told that her imprisonment is for her good, and, like a dutiful daughter, she would fain believe it so. But her monotonous life is so burdensome to her that she would rather die than live out even the year which must elapse between the present time and her emancipation. To her the outside world is something as intangible as the life of the antediluvians. She knows of it by hearsay. The tutors and servants, who exercise rigid scrutiny over all her movements and are as jailers to her, have told her of green trees and running rivers and crowded streets and noisy throngs and the busy rush of the world's traffic. A dim picture of all this floats confusedly before her mind, but practically she knows nothing of these things and cannot comprehend them. In the narrow confines of her luxuriously-furnished room, she wonders and meditates and pines up and down and chafes at her inactivity. She would joyfully exchange her lot with the poorest newsboy or the most unwashed bootblack on the street. She is famished for sunlight, and declares that she must have it or die. When the term of her captivity shall expire, and her tyrannical father opens the door for her to the outer world, she will be like a poor, pale, leafless and flowerless plant. He will then congratulate himself on having saved his daughter. But reproaches should overwhelm congratulations in his mind, for he has brought her up to a life which will make her utterly miserable.

LOCAL LEAVES.

Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street.

John Quinlan's oats promise a yield of seventy-five bushels per acre.

Bismarck is to have a fine new brass band within a few weeks.

A post office has been established at Burton with Jerry Collins P. M.

Crockery of all kinds, and a full line of Glassware at Whalen's, opposite the post office.

Mason's hermetically sealed fruit jars of all sizes at Whalen's opposite the post office.

Sermon to children at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

Robt. Macnider has been at 17th Siding all the week harvesting McLean's quarter section of wheat.

Time for holding services at the Episcopal church is 10:30 Sunday school at 12 M. St. Paul time.

Harvesting wheat commenced very generally on Monday. The oat harvest commenced last week.

Geo. Eder is bound to catch the boys. He looks the part all day and night on catfish and drinkables.

Misses McLean & Macnider have purchased the Stark farm four miles south of Bismarck, 640 acres for \$20,000.

Harvesting commenced on the Clark farm Thursday. The crop of wheat is estimated at twenty-three bushels to the acre.

Musie by the band; not the "little German band," but the boys of Bismarck band, if the citizens lend any encouragement.

A musical entertainment of high order is being organized by our talented vocalist, Mrs. Geo. Bird, to come off sometime in August.

Coroner John Quinlan has signified his intention of going to Puget Sound, not, however, before he harvests his immense wheat field.

Jack Nolan was one of the agitators that kept the interior department impressed with the necessity of opening the Berthold reservation.

W. H. Thurston & Co. will ship Monday eighteen car loads of Montana cattle to Chicago. This is the largest invoice ever shipped from the famous grazing lands of that territory.

The Indian agency at Standing Rock has been well represented this week, no less than seven being in town to testify in the examination of Roberts.

Two or four blood mares, arrived from the east Wednesday, destined for Montana, consigned to Mr. Harrison, who owns a large stock ranch in that section.

Cliff Ross, the artist, has removed their store, now occupying a portion of Mr. Goff's building on Main street. Everything in the shape of paints and oils they have.

Mr. Tully, the tailor, will remove his establishment to the store next door east of Mr. Briggs' meat market, where he will continue to turn out the garments that are regulated according to the Queen's taste.

Geo. E. Freeman, of Boston, Mass., and J. W. Shaw, of Chicago, Ill., who have been looking over Bismarck for a day or two have taken their culture claims near Steele. They have seen no crops on the North Pacific equal to Steele's.

Haynes, the photographer, got struck on an Indian princess at Fort Berthold. She captured his camera and the key to his camera. Her negative made an impression that will long be retained in the memory of the artist.

Rev. Mr. Yester started as well as pleased some of his unorthodox hearers last Sunday when he suggested that in that part of the world men will receive their reward or punishment of the good deeds done in life without regard to their peculiar faith.

The local market has come at last and Bismarck is a truly frontier town as is manifested. Crowds gathered around him, singing, shouting and denouncing while a musical band played "Pop Goes the Weasel," "The Devil's Dream," "A Goodbye Traveler," etc.

Mrs. Whalen has sold the Chicago House to Col. E. M. Brown, who will move into it with his family in a few days. This makes the third "palace of sin" that has been converted into real domestic for family. In the past two years not to speak of the dives that long ago became things of the past.

The surveyor general has ordered the survey of public land from Bismarck north forty miles, taking in that most excellent region about Painted Woods. There is shade a large Scandinavian settlement in that neighborhood, and large additions may be expected after the land is surveyed.

The Mr. Heide have started in to build a \$1500 church at Jamestown, and the Presbyterian have enlarged their chapel design to a \$2000 church. Both will be built this fall. A Catholic church will also be built. The Jesuit organization of the Catholic church has been established in the Bismarck parish.

The mail is a trial, a new element in the business of Bismarck, opened very lively this spring and long before harvest every machine in stock was disposed of and the telephone was called into requisition to receive the most urgent demands. The mail cars, not from Bismarck, but from the Missouri river, as far north as Fort Benton and from the Yellowstone.

The new building elevator is a big thing. It will hold 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. It has 215 bins sixty feet high. The building among the bins will mean a half mile. Three million one hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber will be used in the construction. One hundred and seventy-five carpenters and seventy-five laborers, besides brick layers and machinists are now at work upon it.

Far too desecrated to be congratulated. She is sufficiently enterprising to put in water works. With water works at Bismarck the terrible dust nuisance of this week could have been alleviated; with water works the nuisance at Bismarck would be reduced from 3 to 6 per cent to 15 to 25 per cent, with water works it will be possible to save much of the city in case a fire should break out in the most populous part of the city. By the way, water works, lawns and trees can be had to order and value to Bismarck property.

Nothing can compare with Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic for biliousness and malarial fever.

LETTER LIST.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for in Bismarck (D. T.) postoffice for week ending July 30, 1880:

Adkins Edward	Lange Rev J J
Agbe Wm C	Lewis Robert
Ayers W S	McKean Mr
Adams Wm N	McLain Alfred
Bernier John	McDonald Charley
Burt Lucinda	McDonald John P
Berner T L 2	May Miss Elsie
Barry Thomas	McMonagle P J
Clark Barnett J	McNaught Robert
Cady Mrs Ella M	McLean Thomas
Canlin Joseph	Northrup Chas
Cook J H	O'Shea J P
Chandler Matt	Plummer Mrs A J
Deitz Chas	Petterson Mrs Siste
Daniels T T 3	Ross Chas
Early John	Rauch E F
Foster Frank	Roche Frank
Fitzgerald John	Smith Chas W
Ford Walter D	Smith Miss Minnie
Gaines John C B	Sattesthwaite Dr S T 2
Opinion Tlios J	Tannahill David 2
Glyn Wm	Thomas Jas H
Grigley W R	Walters B
Hutchins C W	Williams Chas 2
Hogan James	Wilson Mrs Florence
Hanson Wilson	Wenckebach Capt E F
Jorris G W	Williams George
Jones Jon	Winn James
Johnson Mrs Mollie	Williams J E
Kelly Wm (contractor)	Wills Israel
	Whitaker Miss Sarah J
	Wronemaker Z H

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "advertised."

C. LOUGHERY, P. M.

Barker's American Eagle Fine Cut
(Cheewing and Universal Smoking Tobacco, for sale by
J. J. ROGERS & Co.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars being closed out at manufacturer's prices at
HOLLEBERRY'S

Window Glass, all sizes, at
HOLLEBERRY'S.

Strawberry Plants for sale cheap, at
BRAND'S

Base Balls and Bats at
HOLLEBERRY'S.

Stimpson Has a ladies' entrance to his Ice Cream Parlor.

To Haymakers.
Call and examine those Services at
D. I. BAILEY & Co's.

5,000 Vanity Fair Cigarettes
Just opened at
HOLLEBERRY'S.

The Kelly Key West Cigar at
HOLLEBERRY'S.

Crain Cradles
For sale cheap, at
D. I. BAILEY & Co's

Fancy Toilet Soap,
A large variety, at
EISENBERG'S.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC

WANTED—Lovers of fine wines and liquors, a good cigar or a "hang up" meal, to call at
Bash & McIsaac's Palace Restaurant
Main St. D. T.

WANTED—Situation as overseer of farm or every stable. Good driver and hostler; understands gardening in all its branches, including hot house gardening. Address
FRANK SMITH, Tribune office.

For Sale.
FOR SALE—A first class Emerson piano; nearly new; 7½ octaves. Asa PETERSON.

FOR SALE—Two yoke of cattle; five and seven years old. Wm. RORER, Bismarck.

FOR SALE—Five hundred bushels good oats for sale at 50 cts. per bushel by Joseph Has Kamp, headquarters at Merchants hotel.

FOR SALE—E. H. Fly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade here local and foreign.

FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Satt, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

NOTICE—Bismarck people generally, who have been shot of mice, should order of Gen. Ward who will keep up with the thousands of mice no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Miscellaneous.
LADIES—Also shoes a specialty. Large in voice just received at Main street, 25 Main street.

GET your wash regulated at Day & Plants, 28 1/2 Main street.

\$72 a week \$120 a day at home easily made. Copy Outfit free. Address Thos & Co Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$20. Address Crosby & Co Portland, Maine.

SEND \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$20. Address Crosby & Co Portland, Maine.

\$60 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address A. HARRIS & Co Portland, Maine.

FRENCH Kid shoe lace and buttoned boots, the newest yet, at Main street.

DRY WOOD—Firewoodmen will find good cords of dry wood at Oak Point, 35 miles above Bismarck. C. H. MERRY.

Money to Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN. F. J. CARL.

TO LOAN on Real Estate or \$5,000 security, in sums to suit. Inquire of
FRANKNEY & WENGER.

MONEY TO LOAN—Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers. Inquire of
M. P. STANTON, 414 Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

DRUGS

DRY GOODS.

Look Out! Look Out!

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Dry Goods & Furnishing Goods

--AT--

DAN. EISENBERG'S,

In Raymond's Brick Block.

Carry the largest and most complete line of **LADIES' and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS** in the Northwest—Whole-sale and Retail.

We would call attention to our fine and well selected stock of **CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES and FIXTURES, LACE CURTAINS, CRETONES,** Etc.

Our Ladies' and Children's **SHOE DEPARTMENT** bears inspection, as we are daily receiving new goods in this line, and will not be undersold.

Our **DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT** is perfect in all classes of goods. Cashmeres, Silks and Combination Suitings. Trimmings to match all our Dress Goods. For the next thirty days we will offer White Goods, Lawns, Summer Silks and all goods saleable during the Summer Season, **AT COST**, in order to make room for **FALL STOCK**. Call and see our stock, in **RAYMOND'S BRICK BLOCK**, next door to the Post Office.

DAN. EISENBERG.

DRY GOODS.

THE SEASON

FOR THE SALE OF

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Millinery, Fancy Goods,

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes

IS NOW AT ITS HEIGHT.

The newest of everything, as it appears in the New York and Boston markets, is shown by **W. B. WATSON** in his new and elegant store. Now is the time for Sun Shades, Parasols, Fans, Lisle Thread, Gloves and Mitts in all shades, Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Rushings, Corsets, new styles of Ladies' Hosiery in Silk, Lisle Thread and Ballbriggans, light Gauze and Muslin Underwear for Ladies, and Gents. I offer the most complete line of

FINE DRESS GOODS

in the Territory. Lawns, Lace Buntings in all shades, Seaside Zephyrs, Plain Buntings in all colors, Brocaded Grenadines.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

Brocaded, Gros Grain and Plain, in all colors, at lower prices than any other house will sell them. Will sell a fine line of Summer Silks, to close out,

AT COST.

Also an elegant line of Trimmed and Untrimmed Ladies', Misses and Children's Hats at Cost. The largest stock of

Carpets AND Oil Cloths

Ever offered in Dakota, which I sell less than the same kind of goods can be bought for elsewhere. I also continue to sell my stock of Clothing and Men's Boots and Shoes

AT ACTUAL COST.

Call and examine my stock, and you will be satisfied that you can save money by buying of me.

Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

80 Main Street. W. B. WATSON.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN

FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO. BENTON P LINE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line

Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:

Benton,	Helena,	C. K. Peck,
Butte,	Gen. Terry,	Nellie Peck,
F. Y. Batchelor,	Gen. Meade,	Peninah,
	Fontenelle,	

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS on Upper Missouri River.

One of the **Peck Line** steamers leaves Bismarck every Saturday for Fort Pierre, and up to Black Hills, connecting there with the **Yellowstone Line** and **Peck Line** to all points on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers. One of the **Benton Line** steamers leaves Bismarck every Saturday for Fort Pierre, and up to Black Hills, connecting there with the **Yellowstone Line** and **Peck Line** to all points on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers. One of the **Peck Line** steamers leaves Bismarck every Saturday for Fort Pierre, and up to Black Hills, connecting there with the **Yellowstone Line** and **Peck Line** to all points on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

Steamer BENTON,

FOR

FT. BENTON,

Leaves **SUNDAY, Aug. 1.**

Steamer PENINAH,

FOR

COAL BANKS,

MONDAY, AUGUST 2.

Steamer BUTTE,

FOR

FORT BENTON,

Leaves **WEDNESDAY, Aug. 4.**

For freight or passage apply to
J. O. BARR, Gen. Ast. Bismarck House, BISMARCK, DAKOTA.

JEWELERS

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.

Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses. Special attention given to all work in our line. Agents for the justly celebrated **ROCKFORD WATCHES.**

HARNESS-MAKER

D. MACNIDER & CO.

Harness Makers and Saddlers, Tribune Block, 41 Main St. Keep a Complete Assortment of **HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.** Repairing a Specialty.

ATTORNEY

Thos. Van Etten,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

REED'S

Y GILT EDGE TONIC

THOROUGH REMEDY

For disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, biliousness and distention of the animal forces, and all other ailments of the system, which it cures, it has no equal, and can be had in all climates. It should not be confused with the fraudulent compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, of an old under the name of Bitter.

FOR SALE BY
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

E. SCHIFFER, FINE Watch and Tailor

Watch and Tailor

No. 83 Main St., Opposite Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.

A Selection of both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

COULSON LINE

Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers.

OLD RELIABLE

Comprising the following new and elegant passenger steamers, built expressly for the trade, leaving Bismarck regularly during the season of 1880, stopping at night and passing on through to all points East and West, connecting with roads East and West.

MONTANA,	WESTERN,
DAKOTA,	FAR WEST,
WYOMING,	KEY WEST,
ROSE BUD,	BLACK HILLS
	& BIG HORN.

The above steamers are owned and controlled by the Missouri River Transportation Company. Fully equipped and reliable, not here to day and away to-morrow, but a fixture we are here to stay.

For information or freight and passenger rates, write or telegraph

W. S. EVANS, Pres., Pittsburgh, Pa.
S. B. COLLISON, Gen'l Mgr., Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. C. McVAY, Gen'l Agt., Bismarck, D. T.

D. W. Maratta, Gen. Supt., Bismarck, D. T.

For Fort Benton, Tuesday, 3d At 7 o'clock P. M.
Steamer BIG HORN.

For Fort Benton, Saturday, 31st
Steamer ROSE BUD.

For the Yellowstone, Tuesday, Aug. 3
Steamer JOSEPHINE.

JEWELERS

Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of **SEWING MACHINES.**

WOOD-WORKERS.

EDSWICK & ANHOLD,

Variety Wood Workers.

Wood Turning, Scroll Sawing, Office Desks, Carver Work, etc. Repairing Parlor and a specialty. Dangleberg's shop, opposite E. B. warehouse, Front St.

DUNN & CO.,

DRUGGIST,

Wholesale and Retail

NO. 92 MAIN STREET.

SING

Can see and try before you buy. See our book (sent free) before you buy. Try our Singing Machine. Bismarck, D. T.